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Movie
Classic

6 BLACK HORSES

**TWO MEN WITH TWO FAST GUNS AND A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL—AND ALL THE SAVAGERY OF
A RUGGED LAND WAS PITTED AGAINST THEM.**





Universal-International Presents

AUDIE MURPHY · DAN DURYEA · JOAN O'BRIEN

IN

6 BLACK HORSES

IN EASTMAN COLOR

Written by
BURT KENNEDY

Directed by
HARRY KELLER

Produced by
GORDON KAY

ADAPTED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE



The American west has always been a land of vast and forbidding distances. Before civilization criss crossed the prairie with railroads and highways, the distances between towns were difficult and dangerous. The horse was the main means of transportation. It was a man's most important possession, an extension of his self. A good horse often proved to be the difference between living and dying. Under these circumstances, the worst crime that could be committed, was horse stealing. Usually, the penalty was hanging. A harsh penalty, perhaps, but this was the justice of hard men leading demanding lives under the most trying conditions, as they carved a nation out of a wilderness.

"6 BLACK HORSES"

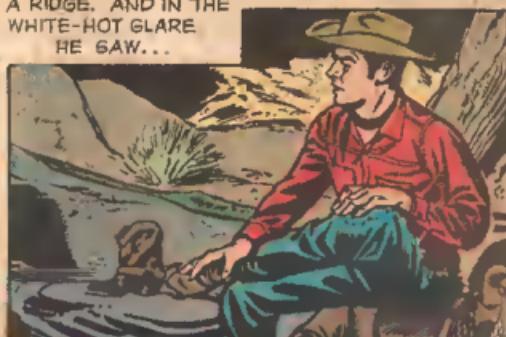
PROFESSIONAL WRANGLER BEN LANE WANDERED THE MEXICAN DESERT, SADDLE IN HAND. HE KNEW THAT A MAN AFLOAT STOOD LITTLE CHANCE IN THE BLAZING WASTELAND.



LANE PEERED OFF INTO THE MIDDAY SUN. HE COULD SEE NO SIGN OF LIFE. HIS TONGUE WAS SWOLLEN AND HIS PARCHED LIPS CRACKED. HE LONGED FOR WATER AND A HORSE TO CARRY HIM OUT OF THE DESERT.



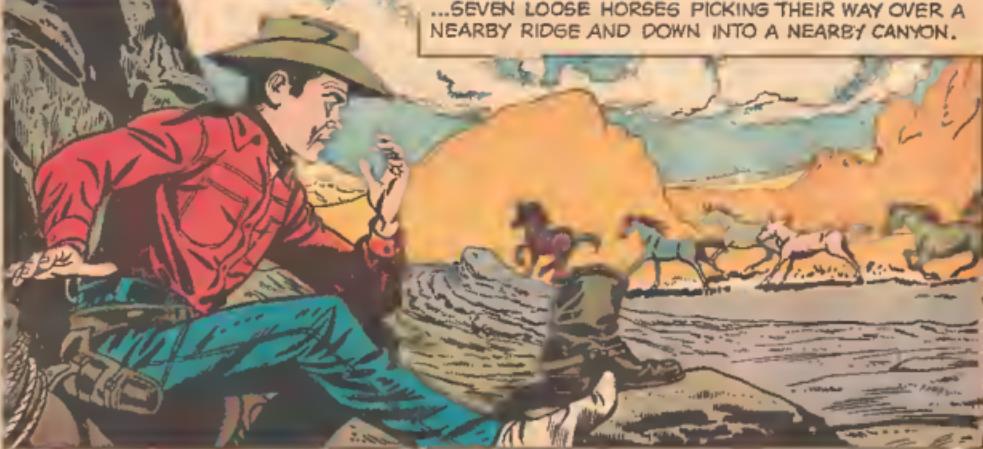
LANE DECIDED TO REST HIS BURNING FEET. A FAMILIAR SOUND CAME DRIFTING DOWN FROM A RIDGE. AND IN THE WHITE-HOT GLARE HE SAW...



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...SEVEN LOOSE HORSES PICKING THEIR WAY OVER A NEARBY RIDGE AND DOWN INTO A NEARBY CANYON.



HOPE GLEAMED IN LANE'S EYES
...THIS WAS HIS ONE CHANCE. A HORSE WOULD SAVE HIM FROM THE DESERT.



SNATCHING HIS ROPE FROM THE SADDLE, LANE HEADED TOWARD THE CANYON INTO WHICH THE HORSES HAD DISAPPEARED.



LANE MOVED RAPIDLY, BUT CAUTIOUSLY, HIS ROPE READY.



LANE GAINED THE RIDGE AND PEERED INTO THE VALLEY BELOW. THERE HE SAW...



QUIETLY, LANE CLAMBERED DOWN THE CANYON WALL. HE KNEW THAT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND WOULD STAMPEDE THE HERD...



LANE SET HIMSELF IN THE NARROW MOUTH OF THE CANYON, CUTTING OFF THE HORSES. STARTLED, THEY PAWED THE EARTH NERVOUSLY, WHINNIED AND THEN...



THE HERD MADE ITS DESPERATE CHARGE, DETERMINED TO ESCAPE. LANE STOOD HIS GROUND, HEART POUNDING, BUILDING A LOOP...



THE PANIC-STRICKEN HERD STAMPEDED PAST LANE, WHO LEAPED TO ONE SIDE, AND, IN A SINGLE MOTION, THREW HIS LOOP.



LANE MADE GOOD ON HIS FIRST THROW— THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO SECOND CHANCE. HIS LOOP SETTLED AROUND A BIG BAY. THE POWERFUL BEAST LUNGED FORWARD, TERROR: INCREASING ITS STRENGTH...



LANE FOUGHT THE BAY
FRANTICALLY, TRYING TO
REGAIN HIS FEET.



AT LAST LANE MANAGED TO STRUGGLE
ERECT, BRINGING HIS OWN STRENGTH TO
BEAR AGAINST THE HORSE.



FINALLY, LANE BEAT THE BAY. THEY
BOTH FOUGHT FOR BREATH.



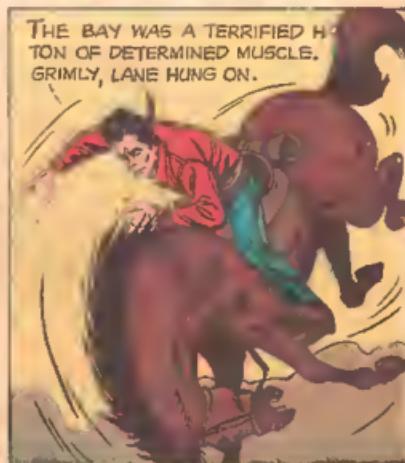
AFTER BLINDFOLDING THE HORSE, LANE
FIXED HIS SADDLE INTO PLACE. THEN...



LANE LEAPED INTO
THE SADDLE AND TORE
OFF THE BLIND. THE
BAY HURLED HIMSELF
STRAIGHT UP.



THE BAY WAS A TERRIFIED H
TON OF DETERMINED MUSCLE.
GRIMLY, LANE HUNG ON.



THE BAY FOUGHT HARD...



...HE KNEW EVERY TRICK...



...BUT IN THE END, MAN
TRIUMPHED OVER THE BEAST.



LANE
NOW FELT
CONFIDENT
HE COULD
GET OUT
OF THE
DESERT
ALIVE.
BUT WHEN
HE LOOKED
UP, HIS
CHANCES
SUDDENLY
SEEMED
MUCH
SLIMMER...



FACING HIM WERE SIX IMPASSIVE HORSEMEN, EACH
POINTING HIS SADDLEGUN SQUARE AT LANE'S MIDDLE...



A HORSE THIEF
COULD HOPE ONLY
FOR HANG-ROPE
JUSTICE...

TO THE
MUSTANGERS,
LANE'S
GUILT WAS
CLEAR. HE
HAD BEEN
FOUND ATOP
ONE OF
THEIR
HORSES. THE
PENALTY--
DEATH BY HANGING.



GUESS YOU DON'T WANT
TO HEAR MY
SIDE OF IT

SEE YOU TIE THAT
ROPE OFF FIRM
CHARLIE!



THAT'S KINDA CARE
LESS AIN'T IT?

HE BROKE A LEG.
I SAW THESE HORSES
RUNNING FREE. I
DIDN'T KNOW
THEY WERE PART
OF YOUR STRING.

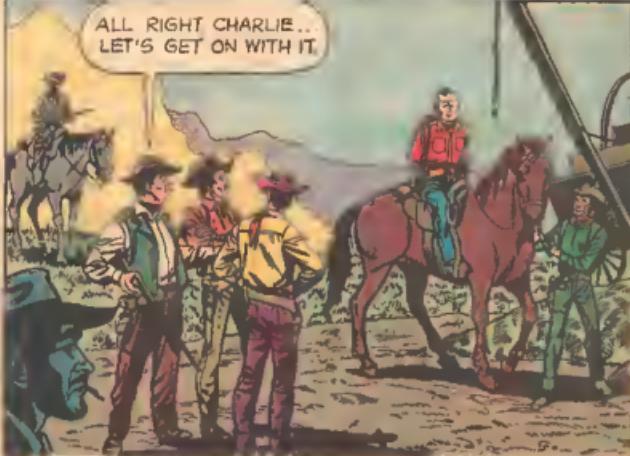


LOOK, I'M NOT A HORSE TAKER. I
LOST MY ANIMAL A DAY AGO BACK.



I JUST SAID
THEM

ALL RIGHT CHARLIE...
LET'S GET ON WITH IT.



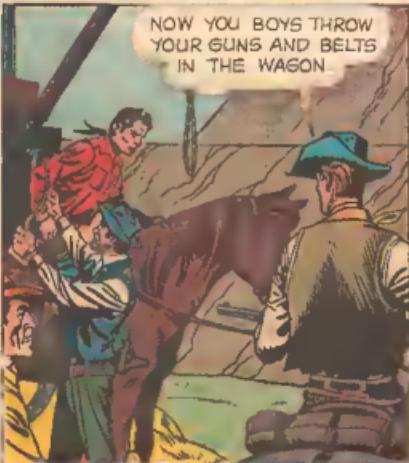
A SUDDEN
SHOT ROARED
IN THE
VALLEY
STILLNESS.
A BULLET
KICKED DUST.



YOU STAY OUT OF
THIS, FRANK JESSE!
TRIED TO. STOOD RIGHT
OVER THERE AND TRIED
CAN'T. JUST PURE CAN'T.
CUT HIM LOOSE



NOW YOU BOYS THROW
YOUR GUNS AND BELTS
IN THE WAGON.



JESSE RELEASED THE WAGON
AND, GATHERING SPEED, IT SMASHED
THROUGH THE MUSTANGERS'
CAMP, PLUNGING INTO
THE VALLEY BELOW.
THE HORSES,
FRIGHTENED,
SCATTERED.

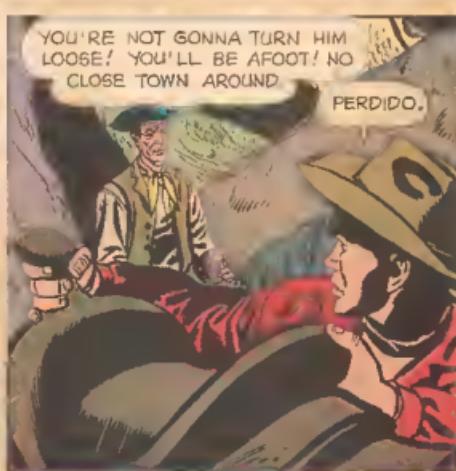




LANE AND JESSE RODE HARD, SEEKING TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THE MUSTANGERS.



AFTER MANY HOURS, LANE FINALLY CALLED A HALT. HE DISMOUNTED AND BEGAN REMOVING HIS SADDLE FROM THE HORSE.





PERDIDO
WAS
TYPICAL
OF TOWNS
ALONG THE
RIO GRANDE
IN THE
1880'S.
LANE AND
JESSE RODE
IN ALONG
MAIN STREET,
THE ONLY
STREET.
NO ONE
SEEMED TO
NOTICE
THEM.
BUT ONE
PERSON DID...



THEIR
ARRIVAL
WAS AN
EVENT
OF MUCH
INTEREST...



THE GIRL NODDED IN THE DIRECTION OF LANE
AND JESSE... THAT'S THE ONE.



THAT NIGHT, LANE LEARNED THAT THE COW-DRIVE TO SEDALIA, WHICH HE HAD HOPED TO JOIN HAD LEFT PERDIDO A WEEK EARLIER. HE AND JESSE WERE RELAXING IN THE CANTINA...



LANE AND JESSE HIT THE GROUND, GUNS BLAZING. THE BUCHWHACKERS WERE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS OF A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET. THE MUZZLE FLASH OF THEIR SIX-GUNS GAVE THEM AWAY.





LATER THAT DAY, LANE AND JESSE WENT VISITING...

WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THOSE MEN YOU HELPED BURY. I TAKE IT THEY WERE FRIENDS OF YOURS.

YOU TAKE IT WRONG. COME IN.

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR YOU, THAT IS, FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN HANDLE GUNS THE WAY YOU TWO DID IN THE STREET LAST NIGHT. I SAW IT ALL FROM MY WINDOW. YOU'VE HEARD OF THE TOWN OF SANTA RITA DEL COBRE?

WE'VE HEARD.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME THERE.

COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE'N THERE'S ALIVE WITH APACHES

COYOTEROS

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, APIECE
MY HUSBAND'S IN DEL COBRE

MAN WAS TO RIDE THE RIGHT
SURE WOULD GROUND STAY
HATE TO SEE YOUR OUT OF THE
HAIR HANGIN' FROM OPEN OFF
A COYOTERO THE SKYLINE
WAR-LANCE MIGHT MAKE IT

LANE
I'LL MAKE IT A THOUSAND, LANE?

WHATTA YOU THINK APIECE.

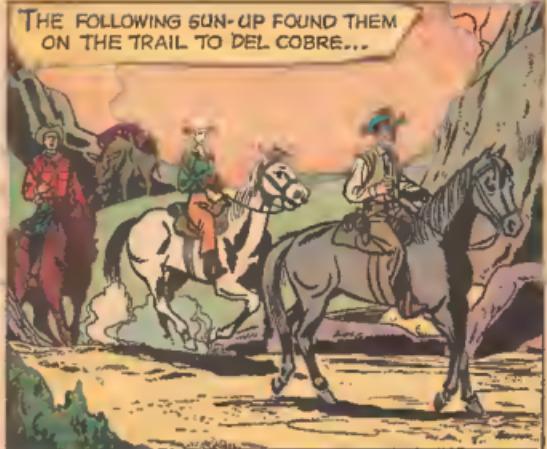
I THINK YOU BETTER COME OVER HERE AND HAVE A LOOK.

THOSE MUSTANGERS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US. WHEN COULD YOU BE READY TO LEAVE, MA'AMP?

I'D SAY THE SOONER THE BETTER.



THE FOLLOWING SUN-UP FOUND THEM
ON THE TRAIL TO DEL COBRE...



WE BETTER SWING PART WEST
FROM HERE... STAY TO THIS SIDE
OF THAT MOUNTAIN 'TIL WE HIT
THIN RIVER, THEN
HEAD SOUTH AGAIN.



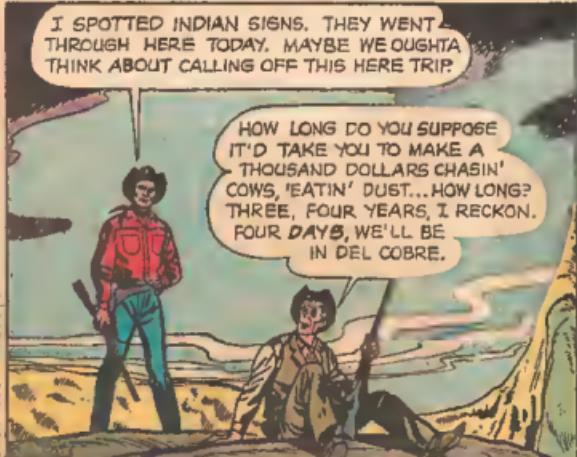
I RODE IT ONCE
BEFORE IF THAT'S WHAT
THAT'S WHAT
YOU MEAN



JUST BEFORE DARK, THEY MADE CAMP AT THIN RIVER.
KELLY BATHED IN A SECLUDED PART OF THE STREAM
WHILE JESSE AND LANE STOOD GUARD...



I SPOTTED INDIAN SIGNS. THEY WENT
THROUGH HERE TODAY. MAYBE WE OUGHTA
THINK ABOUT CALLING OFF THIS HERE TRIP.



HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE
IT'D TAKE YOU TO MAKE A
THOUSAND DOLLARS CHASIN'
COWS, 'EATIN' DUST... HOW LONG?
THREE, FOUR YEARS, I RECKON.
FOUR DAYS, WE'LL BE
IN DEL COBRE.

YOU'RE FORGETTIN'
SOMETHIN'-COYOTERO!



LANE
WAS ON
GUARD
THAT
NIGHT
WHEN
KELLY
JOINED
HIM,
EXPLAIN-
ING THAT
SHE
COULDN'T
SLEEP...

WHEN YOU
GET THE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS,
LANE, WHAT
THEN?

BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT
THAT... THERE'S A PLACE
IN MONTANA HIGH
COUNTRY. PLACE MY FOLKS
LOST WHEN I WAS A KID.
GOT A RIVER BENDIN' THROUGH
IT-- TREES, GRASS AS FAR AS
THE EYE CAN SEE, I'M GONNA
BUILD THERE, RAISE A
HERD, MAYBE A FAMILY.
SOMETHIN' I
CAN BELONG TO.

THERE WAS A WOMAN. SHE
JUST GOT TIRED WAITIN'. CAN'T
IS THERE SAY I BLAME HER... ME
A WOMAN, HAZIN' CATTLE, BREAKIN'
LANE? HORSES AT A DOLLAR A HEAD.
SHE COULDN'T SEE
MUCH FUTURE IN IT.

YOU GET THAT THOUSAND IN
YOUR POCKET... A WOMAN MIGHT
SEE THINGS DIFFERENT.

WHY DOES THAT
MATTER SO MUCH
TO A WOMAN?

MAYBE BECAUSE
IT MATTERS SO
MUCH TO YOU

YEAH, GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT.

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT,
LANE... YOU MIGHT THINK
ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.
LONG WAY TO DEL COBRE.
THERE'S ALWAYS THE
CHANCE FRANK JESSE
WON'T MAKE IT.

+

+

JESSE, LANE AND KELLY WERE ON THE TRAIL AT DAYBREAK. THEY COVERED MANY MILES. SUDDENLY, JESSE REINED IN...



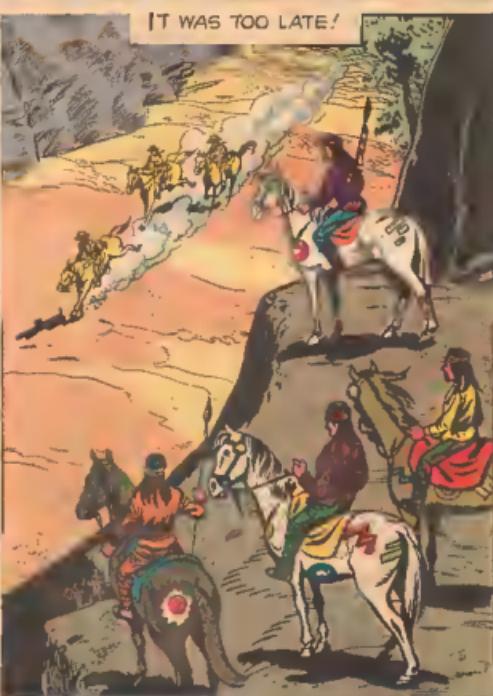
...A COYOTERO WAR-LANCE!



THEY SPURRED THEIR HORSES, HOPING TO LEAVE THAT REGION BEFORE COYOTERO SCOUTS SPOTTED THEM...



IT WAS TOO LATE!



LEADING THE WAY, JESSE WAS THE FIRST TO GAIN THE RIM OF A RIDGE. SILENTLY, THEY GAZED AT THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF A MINER'S CABIN. THEY WALKED HORSES TOWARDS THE RUINS...



ONE WARRIOR SLOWLY RODE FORWARD, STOPPED, THEN DROVE HIS WAR-LANCE INTO THE GROUND. JESSE AND LANE GRIPPED THEIR RIFLES HARDER.



THE COYOTERO WALKED HIS WAR PONY IN A TIGHT CIRCLE AROUND THE LANCE...



LANE JOINED THE COYOTERO FOR A PARLEY...



BEFORE MANY MINUTES HAD PASSED, LANE WAS BACK...



SAID THEY BEEN SEEIN'
YOU WITH US SINCE PERDIDO.
FELLOW I WAS PALAVERIN'
WITH WANTS YOU
FOR HIS WOMAN.

WHATTA
WE DO?

PLAY ALONG WITH 'EM. NO TELLIN' HOW
MANY BUCKS ARE SITTIN' IN THE HILLS BE-
HIND 'EM. JUST DO LIKE I TELL YOU. THE
COYOTERO... HE'LL OFFER HIS TRADE.
I'LL TURN HIM DOWN. COME ON.



THE TWO
TRADING
PARTIES MET,
AS CUSTOM
DICTATED,
AT THE
LANCE. THE
COYOTERO
BROUGHT
FORTH HIS
HORSE.
IT WAS A
FINE ANIMAL.

LANE
INSPECTED
THE ANIMAL--
SHOULDERS,
FLANKS,
TEETH...



NOW IT WAS THE COYOTERO'S TURN...

STAND ROCK STILL, MIZ KELLY.
THE INDIAN WANTS TO INSPECT
OUR TRADIN' MERCHANDISE
IT'S HIS RIGHT.



THE COYOTERO, LIKE ALL GOOD
TRADERS, WAS VERY THOROUGH...





IN A FEW QUICK STRIDES, LANE CROSSED TO THE WAR-LANCE. HE SNATCHED IT OUT OF THE GROUND AND BROKE IT ACROSS HIS KNEE...



LANE HURLED THE BROKEN LANCE TO THE GROUND. THE OPPONING PARTIES FACED EACH OTHER STIFFLY, THE TENSION MOUNTING. THEN...

...THE COYOTEROS TURNED SUDDENLY AND WITH BLOOD-CHILLING WAR YELLS MADE FOR THE HILLS AT A FULL RUN.



LANE, JESSE AND KELLY HEADED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE NEARBY MISSION...

CAN'T GET OVER THEM WANTING TO TRADE HER FOR A HORSE!

FOR AN APACHE THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT. THAT WAS SURE ONE GOOD HORSE



I'D GIVE A WHOLE HERD.

HOW FAR DID YOU SAY THAT MISSION WAS?



SHOULD BE JUST OVER THAT RISE.

THEY FIGURE TO JUMP US. IT'LL BE SOMEWHERE SOON.



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THEY WENT FOR MORE?

'CAUSE THERE THEY ARE.



YOU CERTAIN THAT MISSION'S JUST OVER THAT RISE?

I'D GAMBLE ON IT! AIN'T WE GONNA HURRY?



WE SURE ARE AND NOW!



THE MISSION SEEMED FAR AWAY...

THE COYOTEROS FILLED THE AIR WITH WAR CRIES AS THEY CHARGED ACROSS THE VALLEY FLOOR. THE RISE, BEYOND WHICH THE MISSION LAY, LOOMED AHEAD. THEN KELLY'S HORSE STUMBLLED...



THE GIRL WAS THROWN HEAVILY TO THE GROUND. THE TERRIFIED HORSE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND RACED AWAY...



LANE WHEELED HIS HORSE AND SPURRED BACK TOWARD THE GIRL. JESSE WAS ONLY A YARD BEHIND...



LANE SNAPPED OFF TWO MORE SHOTS THEN RAN TO HIS HORSE, MOUNTED PONY EXPRESS STYLE., AND SPURRED OUT TOWARD THE MISSION, THE COYOTEROS CLOSE BEHIND...



THE MISSION HAD BEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED. JESSE AND KELLY TOOK SHELTER BEHIND A CRUMBLING WALL, WATCHING LANE MAKE A RUN FOR HIS LIFE...



LANE MADE THE MISSION SAFELY. DRAWING HIS PISTOL, HE BEGAN FIRING AT THE COYOTEROS...



THE BATTLE RAGED FIERCELY, BUT KELLY PAID NO ATTENTION. SHE WAS ALMOST HYPNOTIZED BY LANE'S WINCHESTER, WHICH HAD FALLEN FROM HIS SADDLE SCABBARD WHEN HE LEAPED THE MISSION WALL...



KELLY PICKED UP THE SADDLE-GUN, PULLED THE HAMMER TO FULL COCK AND BROUGHT IT TO BEAR ON FRANK JESSE...



THEY DIDN'T SEE THE COYOTERO WARRIOR CHARGING WITH WARLANCE POISED...



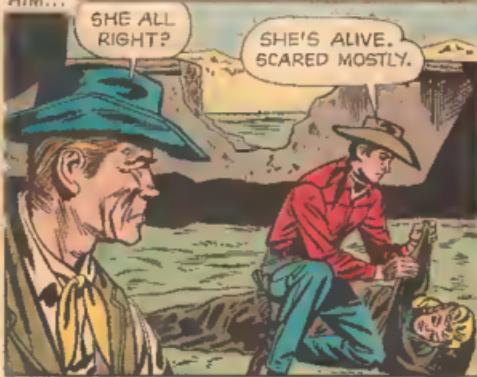
KELLY SCREAMED IN PAIN AND FRIGHT AS THE COYOTERO WARLANCE STABBED DEEP INTO HER SHOULDER...



LANE AND JESSE KILLED THE APACHE WHO HAD THROWN THE LANCE. THE REMAINING INDIANS WITHDREW...



AFTER WITHDRAWING THE LANCE FROM KELLY'S SHOULDER, LANE TREATED THE WOUND. JESSE HAD NO IDEA THAT KELLY HAD INTENDED TO SHOOT HIM...



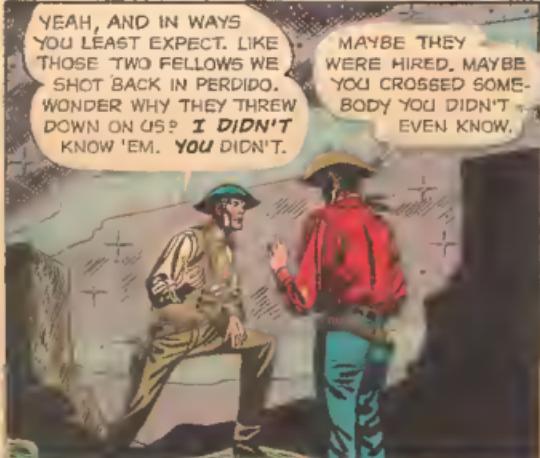
JESSE AND LANE STOOD WATCH THAT NIGHT WHILE KELLY SLEPT...

GUESS WE SHOULDA SWUNG BACK LIKE YOU SAID, MAN NEVER FIGURES THIS IS THE TIME HIS NUMBER'LL COME UP!

BUT IT ALWAYS DOES.



YEAH, AND IN WAYS YOU LEAST EXPECT. LIKE THOSE TWO FELLOWS WE SHOT BACK IN PERDIDO. WONDER WHY THEY THREW DOWN ON US? I DIDN'T KNOW 'EM. YOU DIDN'T.



MAYBE THEY WERE HIRED. MAYBE YOU CROSSED SOMEBODY YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW.

SURE HATE TO SEE 'EM GO THE WAY THEY DID... BEING DRAGGED UP THE LAST HILL IN A FLAT BED WAGON. WHEN I GET MINE, I WANT SIX BLACK HORSES PULLING A FANCY RIG, PLUMES, A DIAMOND-WILLOW CASKET-- THE WORKS. MAN SHOULD GO OUT IN STYLE WHEN HE GOES, SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.



LATER THAT NIGHT, WHILE JESSE BEDDED DOWN, LANE AND KELLY TALKED...

PERSON NEEDS A REASON TO DO A MAN FROM BEHIND... ESPECIALLY A MAN WHO'S JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.

I'VE GOT A REASON. HE KILLED MY HUSBAND IN A GUNFIGHT IN DEL COBRE.



BUT... THAT I WAS GOING TO HIM. HE'S BURIED THERE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO A WOMAN TO MAKE HER WAY IN CHEAP SALOONS ON THE RIO LINE? WASTING TIME WITH THOSE MEN... LYING, CHEATING? I LOVED MY HUSBAND... HE WAS THE ONLY DECENT THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME. HE WAS THE ONLY CHANCE I HAD.



THAT PLACE IN MONTANA HIGH COUNTRY. IT'S YOURS, IF--

NO, MA'AM.



IF YOU DON'T DO IT I WILL

NO, MA'AM, YOU WON'T!



THEY HIT THE TRAIL AT SUNUP...

THIS IS NO GOOD JESSE. TAKING A WOMAN TO HER HUSBAND IS ONE THING. TAKING HER JUST TO GET HER MONEY IS SOME THING ELSE.

YOU FORGET SHE WAS GONNA DO ME IN? SHE MADE A BAR GAIN. AIN'T OUR FAULT IT WAS A BAD ONE.

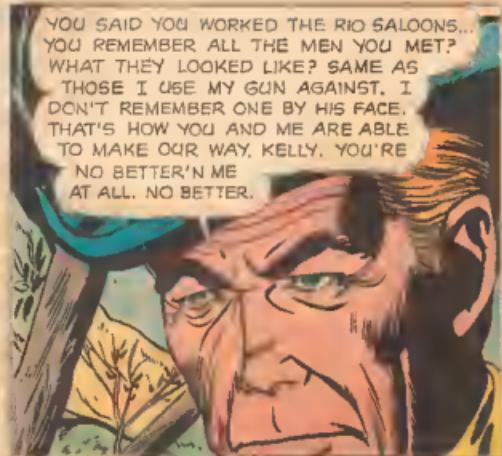


BESIDES, LANE-- LOOK! WE STAY TOGETHER, OR WE JUST PLAIN DON'T MAKE IT ANY PLACE. I GOT YOU OUT FROM UNDER THAT WAGON TONGUE, LANE... GAVE UP WAGES. YOU'RE RIGHT, JESSE. SHE MADE A BAD BARGAIN.

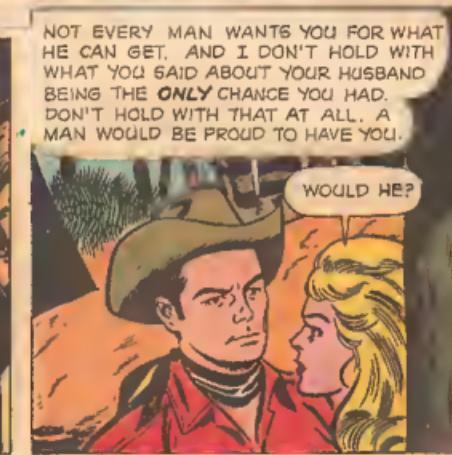
YOU OWE ME...



THEY MADE CAMP IN A STAND OF TIMBER. LANE TOOK THE FIRST WATCH. JESSE TENDED TO KELLY'S WOUND...



LATER, JESSE TOOK HIS TURN ON THE OUTPOST. LANE FOUND KELLY STILL AWAKE...



JUST AS THEY WERE BREAKING CAMP THE NEXT MORNING, JESSE SPIED A TRIO OF MOUNTED MEN...

I SEE 'EM, LEAST THEY AIN'T COYOTERO.

LANE -

WELL I'LL BE...FRANK JESSE. FANCY RUNNIN' ON TO YOU IN ALL THIS WIDE OPEN SPACE!

HELLO, BOONE.



YOU STILL KILLIN' JESSE?

I WAS GONNA ASK YOU THE SAME THING



HOPE YOU AIN'T TAKIN' THAT NICE LOOKIN' WOMAN SOUTH, JESSE. COYOTERO... BEEN BUTCHERIN' EVERY WHITE THEY CAN LAY THEIR HANDS ON. SCALP HUNTERS GOT 'EM WORKED UP SELLING THE HAIR IN DEL COBRE. ME AND THE BOYS ARE RIDIN' TO GET HELP. COURSE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHO'S BEEN TAKIN' THOSE INDIAN SCALPS?



I COULD USE FRESH HORSES. MAYBE WE CAN TRADE. THEM FOLKS IN COBRE CAN'T GET OUT.

YOU GOT OUT.



YOU KNOW ME, JESSE... AIN'T NOTHIN' I CAN'T DO IF I SET MY MIND TO IT!



LIKE CUTTING COYOTERO HAIR. COULDN'T BE YOU'RE CARRYING SCALPS ON THAT MULE NOW, COULD IT?

I RECKON YOU FIGURE I'D DO ANYTHING FOR BOUNTY. AND I SUPPOSE THAT'S SO. THEN IT FIGURES I'LL TAKE YOUR HORSES.

COOK THAT SHOTGUN, AND I'LL KILL YOU!



SAME OL' JESSE. WELL, DON'T LOOK LIKE WE CAN DO ANY GOOD HERE, BOYS. MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE CONVERSATION.



AND THEN...

JESSE ORDERED BOONE TO LEAVE...

THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME!

HE WASN'T LYING ABOUT DEL COBRE BEING CUT OFF. JUST THE PART ABOUT GOING FOR HELP. BOONE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT ANYBODY BUT HIMSELF IN HIS WHOLE LIFE.



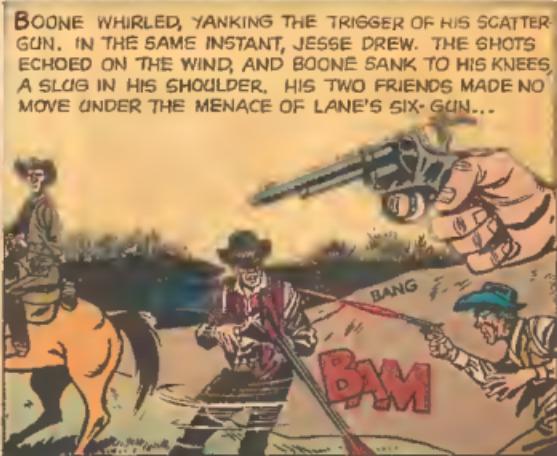
I KEPT MY END OF THE BARGAIN. YOU'LL KEEP YOURS.

IT'D BE LIKE STEALING MONEY NOW, EVEN IF WE DID GO THROUGH. WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE.



WITH NO WARNING, JESSE SWUNG HIS ARM...

BOONE WHIRLED, YANKING THE TRIGGER OF HIS SCATTER-GUN. IN THE SAME INSTANT, JESSE DREW. THE SHOTS ECHOED ON THE WIND, AND BOONE SANK TO HIS KNEES, A SLUG IN HIS SHOULDER. HIS TWO FRIENDS MADE NO MOVE UNDER THE MENACE OF LANE'S SIX-GUN...



AFTER BOONE DISAPPEARED OVER THE RIDGE, LANE TURNED TO JESSE...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO TRY AND TAKE KELLY THROUGH THOSE INDIANS!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND...HEARD IT'S A WOMAN'S RIGHT.



YOU'RE RIGHT, LANE!
NO CHOICE AT ALL!



WHEN LANE CAME TO, JESSE AND KELLY
WERE GONE. IT TOOK A COUPLE OF MINUTES
FOR HIS HEAD TO CLEAR. THEN...



LANE RODE HARD, OF ONE THING HE WAS
CERTAIN... BEFORE TOO LONG, HE WOULD FIND
TROUBLE—OR IT WOULD FIND HIM...



COMING AROUND A SHARP ROCK WALL, A
NAMELESS TERROR TOUCHED LANE. BEFORE
HIM, KELLY LAY STILL ON THE GROUND. HE
SPURRED HIS HORSE FORWARD...



LANE FOLLOWED THE TRACKS JESSE HAD
MADE. IT WAS AN EASY TRAIL TO READ...



HE KNEW THAT COYOTERO WAR PARTIES WERE
EVERYWHERE. CERTAINLY, BEFORE TOO LONG,
THEY WOULD ATTACK HIM. THE DEAD MULE
MEANT THAT JESSE AND KELLY WERE NEARBY.
HE WANTED JESSE BEFORE THE INDIANS STRUCK.



WHILE LANE TRIED TO REVIVE KELLY, JESSE SLID
OUT OF THE BRUSH...



WHAT
NOW
JESSE?

THAT'S UP TO YOU. LOOK, IT AIN'T
RIGHT... YOU AND ME FACING IT OUT.
I KEPT YOU **ALIVE!** BUT FOR ME,
YOU'D BE IN THE GROUND. GET
YOUR ANIMAL, LANE. RIDE OUT.

YOU MEAN YOU WON'T! DON'T YOU
GET TIRED DOIN' RIGHT ALL THE TIME?



LANE'S GUNHAND MOVED QUICKER THAN SIGHT.
HIS SIX-GUN BUCKED AND ROARED. JESSE NEVER
CLEARED HIS PISTOL OF ITS HOLSTER...



WHEN KELLY CAME TO, IT WAS TO SEE A
STUNNED LANE STANDING OVER THE BODY OF
HIS FRIEND. BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR
MOURNING...



LANE... WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO NOW?



THE COYOTEROS HAD RETURNED
IN FORCE...



THREE
WARRIORS
WALKED
THEIR WAR
PONIES
FORWARD.
LANE FELT
KELLY'S
NAILS DIG
INTO HIS
ARM. HIS
GUNHAND
TIGHTENED
ON THE
PISTOL.
HE VOWED
TO DIE
FIGHTING.



THE WARRIORS DREW UP BEFORE LANE AND KELLY. EACH OF THEM CARRIED THE LIFELESS BODY OF A WHITE MAN ACROSS THE NECK OF HIS MOUNT. NOW...



...THE BRAVES DUMPED THEIR BURDENS. LANE RECOGNIZED THE SCALPHUNTER, BOONE, AND HIS TWO YOUNG GUNMEN. THE INDIANS MOVED OFF, THEIR REVENGE COMPLETE...



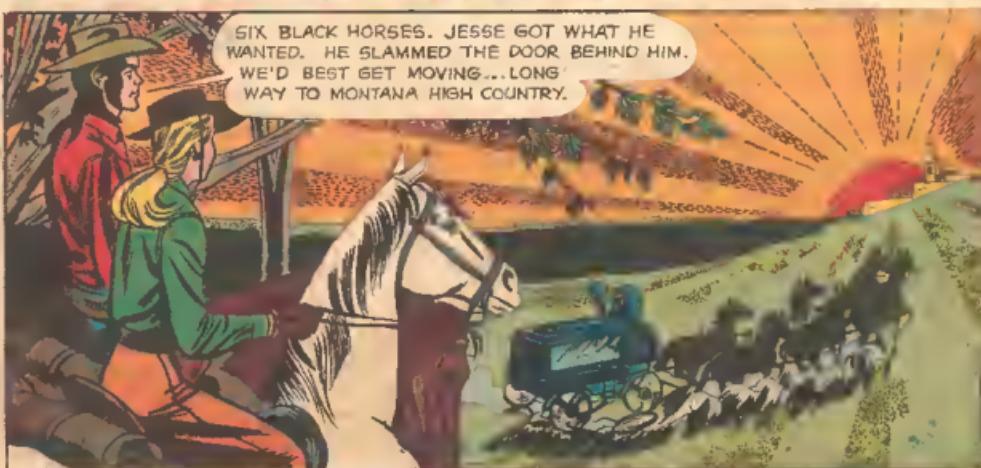
IT'S OVER,
KELLY... ALL
OVER. WE'D
BETTER MOVE ON
TO DEL COBRE.



SANTA RITA DEL COBRE...



SIX BLACK HORSES. JESSE GOT WHAT HE
WANTED. HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.
WE'D BEST GET MOVING... LONG
WAY TO MONTANA HIGH COUNTRY.



..... THE MUSTANG



It is generally held that the horse is descended with the rhinoceros and the tapir from a common ancestor with five toes on each foot and with the middle toe in line with the axis of the leg. The horse's hoof corresponds to the nail of man's big finger or third toe. Horses essentially like modern horses in size and structure developed in North America, but became extinct here about the time that the Indians first reached this continent. Such horses were then also in the Old World, to which they are believed to have crossed by some land bridge that once connected the two hemispheres. The first uses of the domesticated horse were hunting and in war. The horse greatly increased the distance over which military operations could be conducted. The wild horse of the Great Plains, known as the Mustang, is descended from horses that escaped from Spanish explorers and conquerors. The breed of horses with the longest record is the Arabian. Its blood is dominant in the modern racer. Importation of Arabians to America began prior to the Revolutionary War. The horse used by Washington was half Arabian.

THE APACHE TRIBES



The Apache belonged to the Indian peoples of southwest North America. There were many groups—East of the Rio Grande along the mountains were the Jicarilla, the Lipan, and the Mescalero; in West New Mexico and Arizona were the Chiricahua and the Coyotero; the Kiowa Apache in the early southward migration attached themselves to the Kiowa, whose history they have since shared. The Apache were fundamentally hunters; their women were expert at basketry. The Apache are known principally for their fierce fighting qualities and for their cruel treatment of captured enemies. They offered particularly strong resistance to the encroachment of their lands by the white settlers. In the last part of the 19th Century, their leaders, particularly Cochise and Geronimo, were famous particularly for their fighting qualities.

